



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual concert of the professional students took place at St. George's Hall. The London Academy of Music is a flourishing institution; and, taking the concert of last Saturday as illustrative of the system, Dr. Wylde may be congratulated on its success. The programme consisted of twenty-six pieces, selected principally from the works of the best composers, containing, also, two vocal compositions by students, and three by Signor Schira. Miss Kate Roberts (pianist), and Miss Abbott (vocalist), only recently made their *debuts* at the New Philharmonic Concerts, and both justified the expectations formed of them. The other pianists (pupils of Dr. Wylde) were Miss C. Baker (recalled for her performance of Handel's air in E with variations), Miss Rose Royle, Miss Mary Earle, Miss Scott, Miss Gray, Miss Vargas, and Mr. Barthe (pupil of Mr. J. F. Barnett). The vocalists were Miss Dové Dolby (pupil of Signor Garcia), recalled after "Belraggio." Madame de Castro (pupil of Signor Lablache), and Miss Fanny Holland (pupil of Signor Schira) were also recalled, the latter being obliged to repeat Signor Schira's *reverie*, "Sognai," which was accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer, on the harp by Mr. T. H. Wright, and on the violoncello by M. Paque (all Professors at the Academy). Mr. Pelissier, Mr. Tietkins, Miss Tunstall, Miss Langley, (pupil of Signor Gilardoni), Miss Merryweather, Miss Collins, Miss Latter, also more or less distinguished themselves. Part-songs by a number of the students were effectively given, under the direction of Dr. Wylde. A word of praise is due to Mr. A. Villin (pupil of Herr Strauss), for his clever violin performances. Herr Wilhelm Ganz presided at the pianoforte.

MARGATE.—At the Hall-by-the-Sea, Miss Rose Hersee appeared for the last time on Monday the 5th instant. Her engagement concluded on the preceding Saturday, but, at the request of Mr. E. P. Hingston, unwilling to part sooner than he could help with so great a favorite, she consented to sing once more. Her engagement has been most successful. One of her most admired songs has been, "A Day too late," of which she herself composed the music, and Mr. H. Hersee wrote the words. The former is spirited and sparkling; the latter are flowing and poetical, besides being fraught with a moral which cannot fail to produce a deep impression on the unmarried sons and daughters of England. It is based upon the sad fate of a youth who keeps deferring a certain momentous question, until, when he does put it, he finds to his dismay that he is "A day too late." Since she first sang the song, we believe, from a close contemplation of the crowds that throng the Jetty, the Fort, the Sands, and other favorite promenades, that the advice so sweetly warbled by Miss Rose Hersee has not been thrown away. We are sure young ladies ought, and, doubtless, will do all in their power to render "A Day too late" universally known. Of course every one of them will instantly purchase a copy, so that "A Day too late" will eventually go through as many editions as *Mavor's Spelling Book*. The vocalists at the Hall are now: Mdle. Sauerbrey, Messrs. J. C. Furneaux and Richard Seymour. The Hall is crowded nightly, and the attendance speaks volumes for the clever management of Mr. E. P. Hingston.

MDLLE. TERESA CARRENO, "the celebrated Vénézuélan pianist," as she styles herself—and who knows so well?—gave a *matinée* in the minor hall, St. James's Hall, on Monday, July 22nd, which was loftily patronized, proving that Vénézuélan art is within the immediate acquaintance of a certain section of our aristocracy, who think proper to lend it the lustre of their names, if not altogether to sanction it by their presence. The list of grand patronesses who commend Mdle. Carreno to public consideration of course know all about that lady's talents and qualifications. Independent of the countenance of noble and honorable ladies, however, Mdle. Carreno may be praised as a very good pianoforte player, who is a mistress of several styles, and distinguishes herself in all. She played Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor, Op. 27; Chopin's Ballade in A flat; Gottschalk's solo on the "Miserere" from the *Trovatore*; Fumigalli's *réverie* "A une Fleur;" Quidant's "Grand Galop de Concert;" and a fantasia of her own composition on *Norma*. Mdle. Carreno has a powerful finger and much brilliancy of style, and is altogether what may be called a "taking player." She evidently pleased her audience, who applauded her with liberality. Mdle. Carreno was assisted in the vocal department by Mdle. Blanche Gottschalk, Madame Demeric-Lablache, Mdle. Mela, and Signor Franceschi; and, in the instrumental, by Mdle. Bertha Brousil, violinist. The conductors were Mr. Benedict, Signors Li Calsi and Campana.—B. B.

MADAME CATALINI.—Madame Catalini, by her wonderful powers, brought the Italian Opera into general notice, and drew crowds of persons to the theatre, who before only knew it by name. Her fine figure and fascinating countenance, with the charm of her acting and singing rendered her the idol to which every one bowed. These splendid endowments, however, proved the destruction of the opera. The sum she demanded absorbed a great portion of the receipts, and the other parts were filled with second-rate performers. Finding herself a star among twinkling satellites, she took the liberty of mutilating the opera for the purpose of introducing songs foreign to the piece, in order to exhibit her peculiar powers. *Cossi fan tutte* was the first opera brought out of Mozart's, in which Catalini sustained the principal part. While rehearsing a cavatini, which she had prepared herself to sing, she heard some instruments that incommoded her, and stopped short, saying, "What is that you play?" "The horns, madame," was the reply of the performers. "Horns! I'll have no horns;" and turning to the clarionets, said, "I like not that; cut the clarionet out; I'll have none of dese instruments." As the only object was to see and hear her, this continued through several seasons, by which she gained little less than £100,000.

BONN.—A grand vocal festival in which about 250 singers were to take part, was announced to be held, under the direction of Herr Brambach, on the 2d and 3d inst.

HAMBURGH.—The new opera, *Esmeralda*, founded on Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*, has been produced with tolerable success. The composer is Herr Watterhahn, Anglioc: Weathercock.

ECCENTRICITIES OF WINTER, THE COMPOSER.—The familiar acquaintances of this eminent musician (Winter) relate some peculiarities of his habits and childish tales, that it is difficult to reconcile with a sagacity of remark and even wisdom in reflection, which distinguished some of his conversations. They relate of him, for instance, that he had a passion for the little sacred stalls of Bethlehem; and that his favorite amusement was to construct them himself. At the age of seventy he employed a twelvemonth in completing one. There were the infant Savior, his mother, the ox, the ass, and the good saint Joseph—all in wax; the flocks with their little dogs; and the shepherds with their hurdy-gurdy's and bag-pipes. In the distance were the kings, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazer, guided by the star. The expense of all these petty pieces of craft amounted to nearly 4,000 florins. Such trifling is hardly to be credited in the author of "Il Ratto di Proserpina," and "Das unterbrochene Opferfest." Moreover, he had such a dread of ghosts that he feared to go out at night. Strangers who had received letters of introduction to him, found their previous ideas of respect descend so rapidly, that they not unfrequently ended their visits by amusing themselves with frightening him as he returned home at night. Upon one occasion a wicked wag waited for him at the corner of a street, covered with a sheet; and as soon as Winter appeared, the ghost leaped upon his neck; and although the burden was somewhat ponderous for a skeleton, the terrified musician (who by the way was a man of great bulk and stature) dragged him, out of breath, to his own door. This stupid trick, however, nearly cost poor Winter his life.

INCLEDON.—Incledon, the famous tenore, is the hero of a quaint and characteristic anecdote, told by Major Noah, as he received it from the senior James Wallack. "One night," the latter says, "in the hey-day of Incledon's fame, he was engaged to appear at a small provincial town which did not command a very powerful orchestra. The opera of the "Quaker" was to be performed, and the poor little duck-legged manager had scoured the village for musicians, and could only obtain a solitary clarionet and harper. Incledon came down late in the afternoon in a post-chaise, and supposing the rehearsal to have been all arranged—the house full, he began that charming air, which was his forte:

"While the lads of the village sing merrily ah!"

His eye falling on the fellow playing the harp in the orchestra, he broke off, ejaculating—"What the devil's that?"

"And I said unto thee, verily, ah!"

"Can't make it out."

"Verily, ah! Verily, ah!"

"Thou and I shall be first in the throng."

"A Rascally King David!" roared Incledon, and left the stage.

DRESDEN.—Herr Friedrich Grützmacher, first violoncellist at the Royal Operahouse, has been decorated by the Grand-Duke of Hesse with the Gold Medal of Merit for Art and Science.—On the 2d ult., Madame Krebs-Michalesi sang the part of Fides for the 100th time here, besides singing it twenty times elsewhere. No other singer in Germany has sung it so often.—*Der Freischütz* will be performed—with new dresses, scenery, and decorations—for the 300th time in this capital on the 18th of December, Weber's birthday.